

# EXHIBIT C

I'm a writer and an editor, and I've been working in magazines for five years—some big ones, some little ones, some prestigious literary journals and some tabloids. Media Magazine writing is a difficult industry, heavy on large egos and light on sustainable job opportunities, but it's work I love, but it's also work that has brought me into contact with a particular genre of man: a powerful, professionally respected man, usually an editor but sometimes a writer or an agent, who knows that he has the power to manipulate young, ambitious women into situations they would not elect to be in on their own. After I moved to New York in my early twenties, I met this character in ~~countless numerous~~ different guises. There was the hard drinking editor who had worked at all the most prestigious editorial departments in the industry, so work commanded respect at some of the most prestigious editorial departments in the industry, and who would also down whiskeys until he was drunk enough to mention that he could help your career if you slept with him. There was the editor who would lean just a little too close, but was funny enough that he would often charm women into consensual encounters that were rumored to turn abruptly, frighteningly, and nonconsensually violent. This Last summer, at a party for a leftist political magazine at a bar in Brooklyn, I saw two of the most notorious of these men clutching beers and laughing together. "Doesn't everyone know about them?" another woman whispered to me. "I can't believe they're still invited to these things." But of course we could believe it. By then, we'd become resigned to the knowledge that men like them were invited everywhere.

In October, when Renan Farrow published the first of his investigations into the open secret of Harvey Weinstein's predations, as the #MeToo moment took hold and some women began to come forward to recount the ways that men had assaulted or degraded them, my phone began to light up with texts from women friends and colleagues in media, talking about the open secrets of our own industry. Many of the accounts that were told to me that day I had heard before; some I hadn't. But I realized that I had been warned against certain men for years, some of them over and over; that I had declined meetings, not applied to jobs, skipped parties and left

pitch emails unsent in order to avoid them. I realized that I had been keeping a roll of names in my head ever since I first started working, and had built my career around the compromises that proximity to the most powerful of them demanded between my personal safety and my professional ambition. In our text threads, my friends and I wondered, not for the first time, what sorts of careers we ~~would~~ could have had if we had been men.

These were private conversations, and the document that I created out of them—a Google spreadsheet called “Shitty Media Men” that collected a range of rumors and allegations of sexual misconduct, much of it violent, by men in magazines and publishing—was meant to be private as well. It was active for only a few hours, and in the end, the once-private document was made public—first in a BuzzFeed article by Doree Shafrir, then on Reddit. A slew of think pieces ensued, with commentators alternately condemning the document as reckless, malicious, or puritanically anti-sex.

The truth is that the spreadsheet was a first attempt at solving what has seemed like the intractable problem of how women can protect ourselves from sexual harassment and assault. For someone looking to report an incident or to make habitual behavior stop, all the available options are bad ones. The police are notoriously ~~bad-inept~~ at handling sexual assault cases, and human resources departments, in offices that have them, are tasked not with protecting employees, but with shielding the company from liability—meaning that in the frequent occasion that the offender is a member of management and the victim is not, HR’s priorities lie with the accused. Recent months have made clear that no amount of power or money can shield someone from sexual misconduct, but like me, many of the women who used the spreadsheet were particularly vulnerable: we are young, new to the industry, and not yet influential in our fields. As we have seen time after time, there are great social and professional risks to coming forward. For us, the risks of using any of the established means of reporting were especially high, and the chance for justice especially slim.

One partial remedy that women have developed is the whisper network, those informal alliances that pass on open secrets on and warn women away from serial assaulters. Many of these networks have been invaluable in protecting their members; for my part, they've alerted me to the presence of men accused of everything from drunken solicitous emails to rape. But whisper networks are social alliances, and as such they're unreliable: they can be ~~cliquey~~, elitist, or just insular. As Jenna Wortham pointed out in the New York Times, they are also prone to exclude women of color. At the time I made the spreadsheet, I was working in an editorial office where the five entry level positions were all occupied by women in their early twenties, three of them women of color. All of them were hardworking and skeptical, with ambitions to match their formidable intellects, and they all deserved to succeed. But it was too easy to anticipate the ways that they might be thwarted by men who were threatened by their talent, resentful of female ambition, or who simply saw their own desires as more important than these women's dignity. After all, while whisper networks are a powerful tool, there's no guarantee that they will get information about ~~which men~~ who behave in crass or predatory ways to the women who most need it. Often, the most vulnerable are left out.

A spreadsheet was ~~meant~~ intended to circumvent these pitfalls. Anonymous, it would protect its users from retaliation: no one could be fired, harassed, or publicly smeared for telling her story when that story was not attached to ~~their~~ her name. Open sourced, it would theoretically be accessible to women ~~without who didn't~~ have the professional or social cache required for admittance into whisper networks. The spreadsheet did not ask how women responded to men's inappropriate behavior; it did not ask what you were wearing or whether you'd had anything to drink. Instead, the spreadsheet made a presumption that is still seen as radical: that it is men, not women, who are responsible for men's sexual misconduct.

There were pitfalls. As others pointed out, the document was vulnerable to having false accusations added to it. This is a sincere concern, and one I took seriously. For that reason and others, I added a disclaimer to the top of the spreadsheet: "This document is only a collection of misconduct allegations and rumors. Take everything with a grain of salt." But all the available information suggests that false allegations are rare, and that reporting channels with enforcement power, like HR departments or the police, have an obligation to presume innocence. Meanwhile, the spreadsheet held no legal authority. ~~As a device only meant to warn women, it had no power to make anyone lose their job, much less to send anyone to prison. It only~~ had the power to inform women of allegations that were being made, and to trust them to judge the quality of that information for themselves and to make their own choices accordingly. This, too, is still seen as radical: the idea that women are skeptical, that we can think and judge and chose for ourselves what to believe, and what not to.

Nevertheless, when I first shared the spreadsheet among my women friends and colleagues, it took on the kind of intense sincerity that some of our most intimate conversations have had. Women began to anonymously add their stories of sexual assault; many of the accounts posted there were violent, detailed, and difficult to read. Women recounted being beaten, drugged, and raped. Women recounted being followed into bathrooms or threatened with weapons. Many, many women recounted being groped at work, or shown a colleague's penis. It rapidly became clear that many of us had suffered more than we had been willing to admit even to each other, and as the list of names grew, I realized that the male behavior of a few men I had wanted women to be warned about was, distressingly, far more common that I had ever imagined. I am still trying to grapple with this realization.

In creating an anonymous document, I had tried to remove the threat of retaliation and further victimization that women face when they chose to come forward. I had also removed the possibility to seek rewards through this reporting avenue. Putting your story on the "Shitty Media Men" spreadsheet had none of the threats of going

to HR or going to the police, but it also offered none of the potential compensations: no settlement money, no opportunity to see formal justice served. The spreadsheet could not do any of that. The only incentive it offered was an altruistic one: to let other women know a man behaved, so that they could chose to avoid him, if they wanted to, and so that maybe he would not have the opportunity to do it again.

A few hours after the ~~list-spreadsheet~~ began circulating, I received an email from a former colleague. She said that the names on the spreadsheet thus far looked “pretty damn accurate.” She also said that women who had seen it were emailing her with a troubling question: they had had bad experiences with coworkers who had made inappropriate comments or drunken gropes, but they ~~did not think~~ worried that their experiences were not bad enough to warrant inclusion on the document. This, too, is another part of how sexual harassment has become endemic to our culture: women have been told so frequently that what we experience does not merit any response ~~at all~~ that some women have begun to tell this to themselves ourselves, regardless of how an incident made ~~them~~ us feel. I wrote back to tell this colleague that I encouraged women to add any behavior that made them feel uncomfortable. “That stuff matters,” I told her, thinking of the ways that these less grave ~~minor~~ incidents can accrue into soured relationships and hostile environments. Besides, I was not in the business of telling women who had suffered that they had not suffered enough.

And so over the course of the evening the spreadsheet expanded further: many of the incidents reported there continued to be physical, but there were now also accounts of repeated sexual remarks, persistent, inappropriate passes, unsolicited drunken messages. I imposed a system that clearly delineated distinguished violent accusations from others: once a man had been accused of physical sexual assault by more than one woman, his name was highlighted in red. No one confused a crude remark for a rape, and efforts were made to contextualize the incidents with notes—a spreadsheet allows for all of this information to be organized and included. But the premise was accepted that ~~any all of these behaviors were things that is~~

behavior might make someone uncomfortable, and that individuals should be able to choose for themselves what behavior they could tolerate and what they would rather avoid. The spreadsheet couldn't stop bad behavior or remove the men who did it, but a real benefit that the document offered to the women who used it was the opportunity to choose who spend their time with, and to not be surprised by those they did.

I was forced to take the spreadsheet offline after about 12 hours, when a friend alerted me that Sharfir would soon be publishing an article at BuzzFeed making the document public. By then the spreadsheet had spread further and faster than I ever anticipated. I had imagined a document that would assemble the collective, unspoken knowledge of sexual misconduct that was shared by the women in my circles: what I got instead was a much broader reckoning with abuses of power that spanned a vast and high-profile industry. By the time I was forced to take the document down, more than seventy men were named, ranging in age from their twenties to their sixties, and fourteen had been accused of serial sexual assault or rape.

The speed with which the document spread and the number of accusations that were added to it are testaments both to the pervasiveness of the problem and to the severity of the repercussions for coming forward. ~~I don't know. There is any one woman in my industry that does not have one of who have not had these stories experiences,~~ yet many of the stories recounted on the spreadsheet could never have been told in anything but an anonymous forum. Many people have expressed doubts about the veracity of the claims in the document, and I sympathize with the desire to be careful. But it's impossible to deny the extent and severity of the sexual harassment problem in media if you believe even a quarter of the claims that were made on the spreadsheet. For my part, I believe significantly more than that.

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In the weeks after the Shitty Media Men spreadsheet was exposed by the BuzzFeed article, it became a symbol for those confused and scared by the #MeToo moment. Its clandestine nature, adopted for the protection of women, was misinterpreted as mercurial and malicious. Some media companies began investigations into men who had been named on the spreadsheet after formal complaints were made, and a few of those men were ultimately found to have behaved badly, and were fired. This, too, made the document seem more powerful than it was. Something designed as a warning system for one industry's women became understood as an indiscriminate attack on all men.

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In particular, many were disturbed by the range of allegations made on the document, and the inclusion of sexual comments or messages as objectionable behavior. The idea emerged that the spreadsheet, rather than an accounting of women's own experiences, was somehow an articulation of a new, restrictive standard of conduct between men and women. Commentators called for nuance, and reminded their readers that there was a difference between a comment and a grope, a grope and a rape. The assumption behind all of these assertions was that these were not distinctions that the document's users understood for themselves.

Of course, the fact that such a wide array of behaviors appeared on the same document is not evidence that they were conflated by the people who used that document. If anything, the collapsing of distinctions has seemed evident in those who are pushing back against the #MeToo moment, proposing hyperbolic warnings of a puritanical new sex order. In these interpretations, being accused is conflated with being fired, being fired with being imprisoned or even killed. After the journalist Mark Halperin, who was not named on the spreadsheet, was accused of propositioning, groping, and exposing his penis to young women journalists, MSNBC's Mike Barnicle asked, "But does he deserve to die? How many times can you kill a guy?" Halperin is in fact still alive, and has merely been terminated from a lucrative and high-profile job with NBC. But in this, the women who came forward



are the aggressors who bear responsibility for Halperin's downfall; responsibility is not understood to lie with Halperin himself.

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There were a lot of criticisms of the document that made me pause and reflect, that I believe were made in good faith. Some commentators worried that it would expose the women who used it to libel lawsuits from their attackers if they were found to have made a claim that may have been true, but which they could not prove. Others worried that in an environment that is already hostile to women who come forward, the idea of women secretly taking their own initiatives against misconduct would provoke a misogynist backlash. These are real problems and many women reached out to me in the wake of the spreadsheet to offer advice on how to circumvent them. In particular, I am indebted to women from the sex work community, who shared with me their best practices for managing and securing what they call Bad Date Lists—resources that many of them credited with saving their lives.

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A shocking amount of the reaction to the spreadsheet understood women's decisions to tell their stories of abuse and harassment as malicious, unprompted, and one with institutional support. Women, too often, were cast as aggressors wantonly destroying men's careers; it did not seem to occur to some writers that those men who suffered professional consequences for their behavior may have destroyed their careers themselves. Far too often, in the #MeToo moment, we have allowed our focus to shift to criticisms of women's reactions, women's methodologies, and women's coping strategies. It is too easy an excuse to distract from the messier questions: of gendered power imbalances that persist in every industry, of a culture-wide devaluation of women, and of a tradition of tolerating crude, predatory, or even violent behavior by men.

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In the weeks after the spreadsheet was exposed, by the BuzzFeed article, my life changed dramatically. I lost friends, some of whom thought I had been overzealous, others who thought I had not been zealous enough. As a writer, much of my livelihood relies on freelance assignments, but as the rumor spread through my industry that I was responsible for creating the document, pitch emails I sent to editors with whom I'd once had wonderful great working relationships with were suddenly being ignored. I lost my job as an editor at a literary magazine. I learned that protecting women is a position that comes with few protections itself.

But I also had many long, frank conversations with other journalists, men and women, women in my industry about sexual harassment and assault in our industry. Many came to me with stories of their own abuse, some of which they had been too afraid to add to the spreadsheet even anonymously. Others told me that they had seen their own attacker or harasser on the document, and that they hadn't put him there. That meant that what he—that person had did to them, he did to other people, too.

In some of these conversations, we talked about the implications for the sexual harassment reckoning in our industry, in particular. What did it mean when a serial harasser worked in media, shaping the stories that were told and consumed about our world? It did not seem coincidental that many of the men who behaved this way in publishing circles shared the same particular literary taste, admiring novelists like John Updike, Philip Roth, and Norman Mailer, whose female characters tended to be hypersexual and hypointellectual. We wondered aloud to each other if they so identified with these books that they were attempting to enact-act out their narrativesplotlines—maybe that was it. We spent hours teasing out how these men, many of whom we knew to be intelligent and capable of real kindness, could behave so crudely and cruelly toward us. And this is another toll that sexual harassment can take on women: it can make you spend hours dissecting the psychology of the kind of men who do not think about your interiority much at all.

This is something that the present moment has changed: suddenly, men have to think about women quite a bit. They have to imagine us as having inner lives, and experiences of their own behavior. Many men who have never meant to make a colleague uncomfortable are now second guessing their own actions, wondering if they have crossed lines, presumed, or otherwise made women feel uncomfortable unsafe. These are difficult conversations to have with yourself, and I have sympathy for the men who are undergoing this self examination in good faith. But I wish they had been thinking about women this way the whole time.

A lot of us are angry in this moment, not just at what happened to us but at the realization of the depth and frequency of these behaviors and the ways that so many of us have been drafted, wittingly and unwittingly, into complicity. But our anger is forcing us to imagine how we would prefer things to be, and this imagination is yielding not a prescriptive dictation of new acceptable sexual behaviors, but so much as a n-choate desire for a kinder, more respectful, and more equitable world. I hope that this moment will bring that world a little closer. I do not have a list of situations in which men may or may not hug me. What I have is a hope that the men in our lives who have been reckless or presumptuous might be able to take this moment begin to understand how their behaviors impact others, and that soon we can grow to imagine each other, and to treat each other, as equals.

Last year, in a piece for this web site on the writer Rebecca Solnit's faith in feminist storytelling, I wrote that women merely recounting their experiences of sexism did not seem like enough. I wanted action, legislation, measurable markers of change. Now I think that the task at hand might be more rudimentary than I assumed then: the experience of making the spreadsheet has shown me that it is still explosive, radical, and productively dangerous for women to say what we know. But this realization does not mean that I've lowered my hopes. Like a lot of feminists, I spend a lot of time thinking think about how women can build power, help one another, and work toward justice. But it is less common for us to examine the ways we might wield the power we already have. Among the most potent of these powers is our

knowledge of men's behavior, and of our own experiences of it. The women who used the spreadsheet, and who spread it to others, used this power in a special way, and I'm thankful to all of them.